An Excellent BALLAD,

ENTITUL'D,

The Wandring Prince of Troy.

To an excellent Tune, call'd, Queen Dido, &c.

WHen *Troy* town for ten years wars,
withſtood the Greeks in manful wiſe,
Then did their Foes increaſe ſo faſt,
that to reſiſt none could ſuffice:
Waſt lies thoſe walls that was ſo good,
And corn now grows where *Troy* town ſtood.

Æneas, wandring Prince of *Troy*,
when he for Land long time had ſought,
At length arrived with great joy,
to mighty *Carthage* walls was brought;
Where *Dido* Queen, with ſumptuous feaſt,
Did entertain her wandring Gueſt.

And as in hall at meat they ſat,
the Queen deſirous news to hear,
Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
declare to me, thou Trojan dear,
Thy heavy hap, and chance ſo bad,
That thou poor wandring Prince haſt had?

And then anon this worthy Knight,
with words demure, as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years wars
ſo true a tale began to tell;
With words ſo ſweet, and ſighs ſo deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thouſand ſighs he fetcht,
and every ſigh brought tears amain,
That where he ſat the place was wet,
as if he had ſeen thoſe wars again:
So that the Queen with truth therefore,
Said, *Worthy Prince, enough no more.*

The darkſome night apace grew on,
and twinkling ſtars i'th' ſky was ſpread,
And he his doleful tale had told,
as every one lay in their bed,
Where they full ſweetly took their reſt,
Save only *Dido*'s boyling breaſt;

This ſilly Woman never ſlept,
but in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept,
unto the wall ſhe made her moan,
That ſhe ſhould ſtill deſire in vain,
The thing that ſhe could not obtain.

And thus in grief ſhe ſpent the night,
till twinkling ſtars from ſkies were fled,
And *Phebus* with his glimering beams
through miſty clouds appeared red:
Then tydings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ſhips were gone.

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And then the Queen with bloody knife,
did arm her heart as hard as ſtone,
Yet ſomewhat loath to loſe her life,
in woful caſe ſhe made her moan;
And rouling on her careful bed,
With ſighs and ſobs theſe words ſhe ſaid,

O wretched Dido, *Queen!* quoth ſhe,
I ſee thy end approacheth near;
For he is gone away from thee,
whom thou didſt love and hold ſo dear:
Is he then gone, and paſſed by?
O heart, prepare thy ſelf to dye.
Though reaſon would thou ſhouldſt forbear,
to ſtop thy hand from bloody ſtroak;
Yet fancy ſaid thou ſhouldſt not fear,
who fettered thee in Cupid's *yoak.*
Come Death, quoth ſhe, *and end the ſmart;*
And with theſe words ſhe pierc'd her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart
of *Dido*, Carthagenian Queen,
And bloody knife did end the ſmart,
which ſhe ſuſtain'd in woful teen:
Æneas being ſhipt and gone,
Whoſe flattery cauſed all her moan.

Her funeral moſt coſtly made,
and all things finiſht mournfully,
Her body fine in mould was laid,
where it conſumed ſpeedily;
Her Siſter's tears her tomb beſtrew'd,
Her Subjects grief their kindneſs ſhew'd.

Then was *Æneas* in an Iſle
in *Greece*, where he liv'd long ſpace;
Whereas her Siſter in ſhort time
writ to him to his foul diſgrace;
In phraſe of letter to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind:

Falſe-hearted Wretch, quoth ſhe, *thou art,*
and treacherouſly thou haſt betray'd
Unto thy lure a gentle Heart,
which unto thee ſuch welcome made:
My Siſter dear, and Carthage *Joy,*
Whoſe folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her death-bed when ſhe lay,
ſhe prayed for thy proſperity,
Beſeeching God, that every day
might breed thee great felicity.
Thus by thy means I loſt a Friend;
Heavens ſend thee untimely end.

When he theſe lines, full fraught with gall,
peruſed had, and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall,
and ſtraight appeared in his ſight
Queen *Dido*'s Ghoſt, both grim and pale;
Which made this valiant Soldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this griſly Ghoſt,
my whole Delight, while I did live,
Thee of all Men I loved moſt,
my fancy and my will did give:
For entertainment I thee gave.
Unthankfully thou dig'ſt my grave:

Therefore prepare thy fleeting ſoul
to wander with me in the air,
where deadly grief ſhall make it howl,
becauſe of me thou took'ſt no care:
Delay no time, thy glaſs is run,
Thy day is paſt, thy death is come.

O ſtay a while, thou lovely Spright,
be not ſo ready to convey
My ſoul into eternal night,
where it ſhall ne'r behold bright day:
O do not frown! thy angry look,
Hath made my breath my life forſook.

But woe is me, it is in vain,
and bootleſs is my diſmal cry,
Time will not be recall'd again,
nor you ſurceaſe before I dye;
O let me live to make amends,
Unto ſome of thy deareſt Friends.

But ſeeing thou obdurate art,
and will no pity to me ſhow,
Becauſe from thee I did depart,
and left unpaid what I did owe;
I muſt content my ſelf to take
What lot thou wilt with me partake:

And like one being in a trance,
a multitude of ugly Fiends
About this woful Prince did dance,
no help he had of any Friends:
His body then they took away,
And no Man knew his dying-day.

Enter'd according to Order.

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